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WORK COPY

Series VI, #2

Typed 4/15 pcm

☆ Note ☆
Writing was on both sides so pay attention to page numbers when reading. Also, there are 2 page 28's.

MB

July 17, 1978: For 2 or 3 weeks I have been working at Foam Cutting Engineers, where my father and brother work (my father got me the job there). The shop supervisor is a 30-year old woman named Ellen Tarmichael. She has a beautiful face but a very mediocre figure (too much fat on her ass and thighs). Nevertheless she is very attractive because she has charm; her personality, so far as it is exhibited to the world at large, is very attractive; she is apparently very intelligent, and probably

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impression of eccentricity in many social situations through simple ignorance of the usual modes of behavior. So I figured would just go ahead and be frankly eccentric and drop in on her unannounced on Sunday (yesterday) afternoon. I knew her address was on a certain Spruce Lane in Glen Ellyn, but I couldn't find it, so I stopped at a gas station to inquire. A fellow who was there used to live on Spruce Lane and gave me directions to it, but it was so far away that I decided it

(3)

Ellen that I had been coming to pay her a visit, and she drove me to the apartment that she shares with her sister Liz. Liz was there with her boyfriend George; but they shortly left to play golf so that I had a pleasant conversation of 2 or 3 hours with Ellen. She told me a good deal about herself, and by the time she had finished that, I was no longer infatuated. I still find her very attractive, but am convinced that there is such a gulf between us that I could never feel real sympathy with her. I learned that she is a Catholic (ugh!) and is very bourgeois in her interests and attitudes. Also

(5)

quite competent. The result was that I got infatuated — an unfortunate weakness to which I am occasionally subject. ~~[illegible]~~ I am now cured, I thought! of the infatuation; but the story is interesting, and possibly is not yet finished. I wanted to ask her out but suffered from the ~~[illegible]~~ inhibitions that usually trouble me when I try to approach attractive women, and the usual problems that I dislike practically all of the usual entertainments — movies, parties, drinking, dancing, etc., etc. Moreover I am so socially inexperienced that I probably give an

(2)

~~[illegible]~~ was not worth while to traipse all the way over there. If I had been able to walk there I do not know whether I would have had the nerve to actually make that unannounced visit or not; but the matter was taken out of my hands by an astonishing coincidence. As I was walking away from the gas station, maybe 1/8 mile away, the fellow I had talked to ~~[illegible]~~ shouted my name. ~~[illegible]~~ I turned around and there was Ellen standing next to him. I went back and it turned out that ~~he~~ was Ellen's brother. I simply told

(4)

she has a streak in her personality that would be attractive if it were not so strongly developed; but as it is, I think it repels me more than attracts me; it is a kind of egotistical streak, or a need for superiority and dominance. ~~[illegible]~~ You would never guess from he usual behavior that she has such a streak; but she told me that when she was a kid (she was the second child in the family) she had a tremendous need to do better than her elder brother (not the brother I met) in all activities whatsoever. In every sport, in school, etc. She would practice and practice a sport all by herself until she could beat her brother. She ~~claims~~ claims she succeeded so well

(6)

alone. Actually we were (11)
alone for an hour or more
as her sister and sister's boy-
friend were out to eat. The
situation was not such that I
could ~~[illegible]~~ readily make any
sexual advances, especially as
Ellen, instead of sitting on the sofa
where I sat down, sat on the
floor nearby, I am sure ~~[illegible]~~
in order ~~[illegible]~~ to avoid
encouraging any advances at
that time. After her sister
and sister's boyfriend re-
turned I had a very boring
time listening to a conversation
in which I took very little part.
Finally, at 12:30 AM, Ellen
asked me if I would like to
"go out for coffee". I said yes
So I drove her to a place

said "alright". (I sus- (9)
pect she really had no
hesitation about ~~[illegible]~~ kissing
but was only trying to
make a certain impression)
Then she ~~[illegible]~~ leaned over
toward me for the kiss
and we had a nice big
juicy delicious kiss with
firm pressure. Now, I am
so very inexperienced in
these matters that I am
in a very poor position to
judge, but it did seem to
me that she kissed me
somewhat aggressively; at
least, she had her mouth
on mine before I was
even ready for it. I
said in a soft and rather
fervent tone, "Oh, I like
you!" She gave the curious
reply: ~~[illegible]~~

that she thoroughly de- (7)
moralized her poor brother.
She says that up to a
couple of years ago she
believed she "could do any-
thing". She ~~[illegible]~~ seems to
be ~~[illegible]~~ conceited
about her job and over-
estimates her importance
to the company. She says
she intends to be president
of the company some day.
Yet she says all these
things in a gentle and
feminine manner, not in a
boastful or agglessive
way. I took her to a
restaurant for supper; then
we went back to her ~~[illegible]~~
apartment (where Liz and
George had returned) and
we all played pinochle until
after 11 PM. (George
seemed like a nice guy, but

(3)

nearby that she recommended. (12)
We spent an hour and a half
there discussing various topics.
Then I took her home, and, on
arrival, asked for a goodnight
kiss. I got an even better one
than last time. Mouths wide
open, tongues rubbing. She
started that open-mouth,
tongue-rubbing stuff, not me.
I pushed her over until she
was leaning way back against
the ~~door~~ car door (this was in
the car of course) on the right-
hand side and her tit was
touching my chest. All this
might have lasted, say, 3
minutes. Then she said "I think
it's time for you to go home."
So I did. Though she is

"You can't say that. You (10)
don't know me." ~~[illegible]~~
then we said goodbyes.
I didn't think much
about her reply at the
time, but it seems
particularly curious in
view of a rumor that
my father told me about
today: It is said that
Ellen never goes out with
any one man more than
once or twice.

July 29. Yesterday I took
Ellen Tarmichael to an ex-
pensive restaurant for ~~dinner~~ supper.
She then invited me to her
apartment, where, she hastened
to add, we would not be

rather flabby physically (8)
and mentally. Liz had not
quite so pretty a face as
her sister ~~but much~~ and a
much better figure, but
seemed less intelligent and
had a much ~~duller~~ duller per-
sonality than Ellen, and I
suspect she is a nasty
bitch.) Finally I asked Ellen
whether she expected me to
cut any foam tomorrow
and she said "Yes, I was
just going to say," and
forthwith she drove me
home. When we arrived,
I said, "Am I being too
aggressive if I ask for a
goodnight kiss?" She
averted her eyes and moved
her head in such a way as if
she ~~[illegible]~~ were hesitating.
~~[illegible]~~ Then she

(4)

(13)

very charming and at- ~~tractive~~ tractive much of the time, by now I greatly dislike her because of her egotism and its consequences; for example: she spent some time bragging about how she was going to become president of the company and how she was in on company secrets and so forth; and what is worse than that, I have a strong impression that her motives for giving me these hot kisses are as much egotistical as they are sexual — that is, because the men is usually more anxious for that kind of thing than the woman, Ellen feels that this gives her a

(15)

suggested to her that she should use herself as bait to keep me around the company; but she had refused. A couple of hours later when this subject came up again, she said that Wynn had only ~~said~~ made the ~~suggestion~~ suggestion in jest. I don't know just what the truth of the matter is; I wouldn't trust Ellen for strict accuracy. I don't believe I will go out with her again, unless perhaps I get tempted by purely physical lust. I don't like her at all any more. July 30. Let me clarify the reasons why I consider Ellen egotistical and hard, if those are the

(17)

her policy to have any personal involvements with anyone at work. I then asked her why she said yes the second time I asked her out. She just shrugged and answered coldly, "It seemed like a good idea at the time." She might at least have said "Because I thought I would enjoy it", or something like that. Of course, maybe she just doesn't particularly like me. But then why the sexy kisses? Only 2 explanations present themselves to my mind: Either she is unwilling or unable to express liking for anyone to that persons face; or ~~I~~ what I think is more likely, she doesn't find me particularly attractive, but goes out

kind of control over the man in such a situation; she gives him a hot kiss to excite him, and when it has gone as far as she wants she stops it; and, I think, she enjoys this as much for the feeling of control that she gets as for sexual reasons. (14)

As we were driving to the place where we ate, she told me a curious thing. She says that Wynn (the president of this 2-bit foam-cutting corporation) likes me and would like to keep me in the company, or at least is thinking along those lines. She asked me not to tell Wynn that I had gone out with her; because she said that Wynn had

right words. In ordinary conversation she doesn't seem so except when she is bragging about her job or something related to it. But (with me at least) she will never ... let us say ... open herself. Examples: When I told her I liked her that first time I was with her, she gave that cold answer I recorded earlier. When I was with her last Saturday I mentioned in the course of saying something else that I was "very much attracted" to her. She answered the other part of what I said but made no response to my statement that I was much attracted to her. At a later part of the same conversation she said that if I had asked her for a date that first time instead of coming over unannounced, she would have said No, because it is against (16)

with me and gives sexy kisses, exerting her sexual power in a kind of game to gratify her ego. In either case, to hell with her. (18)

Aug. 23. Despite the negative conclusions about Ellen that I reached, as stated above, I couldn't help thinking about her constantly, especially since I was exposed to her charms every day at work and especially since she seemed quite friendly to me. Within a day or 2 after that July 28 date I was as infatuated with her as ever. I always remembered my negative conclusions about her, but I kept hoping those conclusions

were wrong, and that (19)
she actually was attracted
to me but for some reason
found it difficult to express
this directly. It was easy to
hope this because she
certainly led me on. Wher-
ever I phoned her she was
always very friendly and
receptive, and at the end
of the conversation would
say "thanks for calling".
For example, the weekend of
August 12 I called her; she
said she couldn't see me
then because her mother and
her sister Mary were in town
so that she was tied up with
family affairs. I offered to
call her again the next

weekend, and her answer (20)
was: "Sounds good! Thanks
for calling." This kind of
thing, together with the memory
of those hot kisses, naturally
made me hope that she really
liked me. Since I am extremely
inexperienced with women, but
by no means deficient in
desire for them when exposed
to their charms, it is not
surprising that I fell pretty
much in love with Ellen on
the basis of mere hope. In
spite of her failings, I could
have loved her deeply if I
had had assurance that she
cared for me at all.
Well, this last weekend I

such that I would have (22)
no opportunity to ask for a
goodnight kiss. At this point
I felt that explicit clarific-
ation was called for, so I asked
her if she was intentionally
avoiding a goodnight kiss.
After a little hesitation she
answered that she was. I then
asked further questions and
what she told me is essentially
this: She had no sexual interest
in me; she said she liked me, but
the way and the context in which
she ~~said it~~ said it indicated
that it was the condescending
sort of liking that one might
have for a child or for some
other kind of social inferior.

took her out again. It (21)
now seems clear that from
the very beginning of this date
she was out to humiliate me,
or at least to assert a
certain type of superiority over
me. This in spite of the fact
that I had made it very clear to
her that I was very sweet on
her. I was at pains on this
date to be attentive and
agreeable; but she was very
cool; not so much so as
to bring out any open dis-
agreement, but just the
right amount to leave me
unhappy and wondering.
She insisted on a peculiar
way of using her auto and
mine; this arrangement was

She claimed she went (23)
out with me mainly in order
to satisfy her curiosity about
me because she had never
met anyone like me before.
She said a kiss "doesn't mean
anything." She claimed there
was no sex in it when
she kissed me. (This seems a
little implausible in the case
of an open-mouth kiss with
tongues rubbing; but I am
quite ready to believe that she
took no sexual pleasure in it;
only egotistical pleasure.)
During the first part of the
date she was cool and a little
glum; but this must have been
calculated, not just the

result of being in a (24)
bad mood that day, because
after she had humiliated me
she immediately became quite
cheerful and gay for the rest
of the day.
Of course, I took pains to conceal my feelings,
and remained outwardly
cheerful and friendly,
though half the time I
wanted to cry and the other
half the time I wanted to
kill her.
It seemed to me that
during the rest of the day she
would occasionally rub in
her little triumph by
making remarks that were

somewhat cutting but not so much so as to bring about any open breach of friendlyness. For example, I asked her what were some of my unusual characteristics that made her feel I was "unlike anyone she had ever met." The first one she mentioned was: "You are so very lacking in confidence socially." (True enough, but not nice to say so, unless after taking special pains to be tactful.)

I loved that damn bitch. She knew I had soft feelings toward her, and she intentionally

used these to lead me on, and then she calculatedly ~~humiliated~~ humiliated me.

I was so upset by this that for the next 2 nights I was unable to sleep more than 4 hours a night, and, what was worse, I was exhausted by ~~the~~ nervous tension. That date was Sunday. Monday I did nothing ~~about~~ about it because I was exhausted and had had no time to think things over. But after work I did think things over. I had an overwhelming need for revenge and I decided to get it by persistently needling and insulting her

There's a certain young lady named Ellen,
Whose funny is very repelling,
For the overgrown mass
Of fat on her ass
Makes a gross, disproportionate swelling.

Her girdle's a tight one, of course --
It's nylon- and steel-reinforced.
But no matter how hard
She squeezes her lard,
She still has an ass like a horse.

at work. (I could think of no other way to get revenge without getting in trouble with the law.) I started Tuesday morning by pasting up some copies of an insulting poem that I wrote about her. (Copy accompanies these notes.) (27)

In coming in in the morning she had to pass a door where I had one of these pasted up. She came into the plant looking glum. After "good mornings" were exchanged, one of the women said to Ellen, "You don't look like it's a good

before. It seems clear that she was conciliatory only for one or more of the following reasons: (1) She wanted to get me sweet on her again as a tool to get revenge for the insulting poem (she once said to me that she was "a very vindictive person" and would do anything "no matter how underhanded" to get revenge if she wanted it). (2) She felt she had lost the power over me that her sex appeal gave her, and she wanted to regain it. (3) I (29)

suspect that she fears or dislikes any open hostility, and prefers superficial friendliness even when hostility is being carried on at a submerged level. (30)

Now, getting back to the narrative: Just after Ellen made that apparent overture at the end of the day tuesday, and walked out of the plant, I made a point of passing behind her where she was standing and working, and as I passed, I pinched her on the ass. I intended this as an

(10)

those rolls?" I said it (28)
was, and she said pleasantly,
"That went pretty well, didn't
it?"

But I do not believe that
this apparent overture rep-
resented any genuine con-
ciliatory feeling on her part.
For one
thing, she would not be
likely to feel conciliatory so
soon after I'd insulted her.
For another thing her action
today after Dave fired me (as
described below) would seem
to indicate she was glad
to get rid of me. Her
duplicity is proved by the
way she dealt with me

morning," and Ellen said, (28)
"It isn't." A couple of
times during the day
Ellen's eyes met mine, and
she held my gaze (trying to
stare me down?). Needless
to say, she dropped her eyes
first. Curiously enough, she
seemed to make an effort to
be pleasant on the few
occasions she had to speak
to me during the day, and
as I was getting ready to
leave at the end of the day
she almost seemed to make
an overture to renewed
friendliness: Referring to
some work I'd been doing,
she said, "Is that all on

insult. She jumped, (31)
but didn't look around or
say anything. And she
seemed pleasant and friendly
this morning (Wednesday).
But I don't doubt that I
could have made things
very unpleasant for her by
such methods — except
that my weak-minded, self-
righteous brother took it
upon himself to interfere.
Having seen the poem I pasted
up, he said he would fire me
(he is one of the bosses there)
and "maybe bust your ass,
too" if I did it again. Of
course, that was a direct
challenge, so I wasn't about

Finally she said that (33)
since she had promised to
"back up" Dave in his position
as night boss, she would
have to uphold the firing.
I am sure that her display
of reluctance to have me
fired was insincere, and
probably resulted only from
her general reluctance to
display hostility in any overt
way. If she had really had
any reluctance to have me
fired, she would have talked
to Dave before confirming
the firing — she knew Dave
only fired me on her account,
and if she'd told Dave she
preferred not to have me

anything since my teens (35)
— ordinarily, I rarely cry
over anything.

What makes this particularly
hard is the fact that it
recalls bitter experiences
over many years, reaching
right back to my early teens;
right back to the time when,
at the age of 13, I was foolish
enough to phone a female
classmate and ask for a
date. Needless to say, I was
turned down — After having
skipped a grade, I came to
be merely a freak; cer-
tainly not someone to be
taken seriously by any self-
respecting girl.

I have always been

to back down. This afternoon, I went over to where my brother was working, ~~to~~ passed up a copy of the poem before his eyes, and said "OK, are you going to fire me?" Of course, he did. Wanting to make sure that the firing was official (Dave is night boss and I am on the Day crew) I went into Ellen's office and asked her if the firing was official. In response to her question, I told her why Dave had fired me. She hesitated for awhile, expressing by words and looks a kind of half-humorous ~~dismay~~ dismay.

fired, he might not have any desire to be "backed up" in the firing. Of course, it is only natural, under the circumstances, that she should be glad to have me fired. I am merely pointing out the insincerity of her show of reluctance.

Thus, that weak fool Dave has made that bitch's triumph ~~so~~ complete: She humiliates me sexually, she gets me fired from my job, and she causes dissension in my family. I have shed more tears over that cheap whore than I have ever

strongly attracted to women, but have usually been rejected by them. Women don't like freaks, even freaks who are intelligent, capable, good physical specimens, and able to be personally agreeable. Well, that's OK. If they don't want me, that is their privilege. But this Ellen bitch has used me for a toy.

You understand, what bothers me here is the humiliation, not the need for a woman. I can get along very well without women.

cause she has often (41)
seemed insincere in the
past, and because the
statement is contradicted by
things she said earlier.
Nevertheless, the statement
cooled my anger, because,
if true, it would mean
she was not just using
me as a toy. So that was
the end of that. All I
feel now about the whole
thing is a kind of wistful
melancholy about the whole
affair, brought on by the
thought of what a woman with
some of Ellen's best qualities
might have meant to me,
if she'd been sincere, and
if we'd had some common

There is only one way (39)
left to wipe out this
shame, and that is with
<u>blood</u>. Tomorrow I am
going to get that bitch
and mutilate her face.
Aug. 26. (Sat.) Last thursday
morning I drove to the plant
and parked in the lot, waiting
for Ellen. When she arrived
I ran over to her car, said I
wanted to speak to her briefly,
and told her to move over so
I could get out of the rain.
This she did slowly and
grudgingly, and I got into
the driver's seat. I carried
with me a knife concealed in a paper
bag. I began by saying that

One of the many ad- (37)
vantages of living alone in
the mountains is that one
never meets any women.
Consequently, one doesn't
think about them. Not only
do I not desire women when
I'm ~~alone in~~ alone in the
woods, but I am actually
repelled by the idea of getting
involved with them. Before
I came down from the
mountains to the city this
last time, I was seriously
worried about the possibility
that I might fall into
temptation and get involved
with some woman. And,
you see, that is

(41)

aspirations - I sent (42)
Ellen a long letter
explaining everything from
my point of view.

she had intentionally (40)
humiliated me on Sunday.
In the brief discussion that
followed, she said that the
reason she had been so cold
on Sunday was that it
"just struck her" at the be-
ginning of the date that there
was ~~nothing between us~~ no
future in anything between
us, because we had nothing in
common. She also said that
the first 2 times she went out
with me she did so because
she "really thought there
might be something in it;
friendship, or ..." I had
then, and still have, grave
doubts about the truth
of this last statement, be-

exactly what happened, (38)
and in the worst possible
way.

(15)